

MONTHLY OFFERING

To the Contributors and Collectors of
the Weekly Contribution Plan.



VOL. II.]

MAY, JUNE.

[NO. V & VI.]

——
BY JOHN A. COLLINS.
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MONTHLY OFFERING.

MAY.

The Offering.

We have delayed to issue the *May* number of the Offering until the arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of West India Emancipation, were fully matured. The arrangements having been completed, we now send out the May and June numbers together.

It will be seen, from the address of the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to the abolitionists of that state, that *Anti-Slavery Pic Nics* are recommended to be held throughout the state on the first of August. We see no reason why this movement should be confined to Massachusetts alone, but earnestly hope that it will be adopted by the friends of the slave throughout New-England.

To encourage and aid our friends in getting up these anti-slavery gatherings, the Society has just issued a beautiful little book under the title of "THE ANTI-SLAVERY PIC NIC." The "*Pic Nic*" contains *Speeches*, *Poems*, *Dialogues*, and *Songs and Hymns* set to music, all of which are expressly adapted to the first of August and similar occasions. It should have an extensive circulation. Every possible effort should be made to secure the confidence and enlist the sympathies of the young. The influences of the age and corruptions of the times have filled their minds with strong prejudices against our cause. They naturally love freedom and hate oppression, and their unbiassed feelings instinctively lead them to sympathize with the wronged and outcast. The im-

pressions of the nursery will, to a great extent, influence the mind through life. It should be our object, then, to encourage every movement which shall impress upon their minds the beauty of freedom and the impolicy and the wickedness of slavery. Encourage the young to learn and speak those speeches which breathe forth the sentiments of liberty, and to sing those songs which will inspire them with a love of freedom. These sentiments, early engraven upon their hearts, may change their future course and policy of action, and lead them to become the benefactors of their race, instead of the oppressors of mankind.

The "Pic Nic," is for sale at 25 Cornhill, Boston.
Address H. W. WILLIAMS.

To the Abolitionists of Massachusetts.

Anti-Slavery Rooms, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—The Board of managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society have learned, with great satisfaction, that the abolitionists, in many parts of this Commonwealth, have resolved to celebrate the approaching ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION, which comes on the first of August, in their respective towns, with that spirit and energy, which the occasion seems to require. This is as it should be.

This celebration should be one, both of utility and amusement. It is important that this great event should be kept before the people of this country, so long as it holds *two and a half millions* of its own subjects in the most abject slavery. Eight years have already passed, since the government of Great Britain gave freedom to *eight hundred thousand* of its own slaves, in the West India Islands : and this act, instead of being followed by idleness, insurrection and murder, on the part of the negroes, and complete bankruptcy on the part of the masters, as was universally predicted by the opponents of the anti-

slavery cause, has been attended by one unbroken chain of absolute prosperity, both to the liberated negroes and their former masters. The soil has advanced in value, from fifty to one hundred per cent. Thrifty and populous villages are fast coming into existence. Mechanical improvements are being introduced, which were not contemplated in the days of slavery. Benevolent and religious institutions are fast multiplying, and education is liberally bestowed upon, and improved by all classes.

It is absolutely indispensable for the success of our cause, that the benefits of this great and benevolent experiment should be kept constantly before the minds of our people, that they may see the benefits, as well as the duty, of immediate emancipation. This day presents a favorable opportunity for this demonstration by us. To make this occasion useful and interesting to all parties, it seems important that we should deviate from the ordinary and stereotyped plan of orations, which are well in their place, and adopt some novel method, in which all can participate.

It is proposed that you should get up in your place an *Anti-Slavery Pic-nic*. It would be useless for me to suggest that this celebration should be conducted on strict temperance principles. The fore part of the day may be spent in declaiming, speaking dialogues, singing songs, hymns, &c., &c., after which, a procession can be formed from the Hall or Meeting-house, and march to the grove, or place where the entertainment is prepared. Original and select hymns, dialogues, poems, etc., expressly adapted for this occasion, will be furnished at a trifling expense. Banners, with appropriate anti-slavery emblems and mottos, executed upon cloth of various colors, will be furnished from 25 to 37 1-2 cents each, according to their size. Now this movement can be easily sustained, if one or two individuals will take hold of the subject with that earnestness and energy which the undertaking seems to demand. If we can get the children interested in the question of slavery—if they can be made to feel a deep interest in the abolition of that sys-

tem, which manufactures orphans by thousands, and tears children from their parents with an iron hand—they must necessarily exert a most powerful influence on the minds of their parents. Permit me, then, to suggest,

FIRST. That abolitionists, and all interested in the anti-slavery question, whether they belong to your society or not, of both sexes, should be immediately convened, and this plan of celebrating the 1st of August be submitted for their consideration and adoption.

SECOND. That a Superintendent be appointed.

THIRD. That teachers in elocution and singing should also be appointed.

FOURTH. That a committee should be appointed to visit the children and young people, and ascertain how many will engage in the celebration.

FIFTH. Ascertain the number of banners and books, containing hymns, &c., which may be required.

SIXTH. Convene the children, and those interested, for rehearsal in recitation and singing, as often as once a week, if necessary, until the day of celebration.

If this mode of celebrating *the 1st of August* does not accord with your views, I trust it will be consistent with your arrangements to make the most of this occasion, by celebrating it in some other way.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath schools, in your place, would, no doubt, render you great assistance, by interesting the children in this movement.

Very respectfully, yours, for the chained and outcast slave,

JOHN A. COLLINS.

For the Monthly Offering.
West India Emancipation.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

GREAT BRITAIN, by act of Parliament, abolished negro slavery in all her colonies, on the first of August, 1834. She made it, however, a part of the act, that the slave should continue to serve his former master for six years without wages. This apprenticeship system, as it was

called, was instituted expressly to prepare the negro for freedom ; its necessity, as well as its justice, was denied by the great body of Abolitionists at the time. It proved, as was expected, a total failure. Experience showed it useless and unneeded, as far as the slave was concerned. Antigua and Bermuda rejected it, and admitted the negro to immediate freedom. Their prosperity and quietness were unrivalled by any of the Islands. Of Jamaica and Barbadoes Prof. Hovey has remarked, "With regard to the preparation necessary for emancipation, the experiment in the West Indies shows that it is, at least, as essential on the part of the master as on that of the slave; for, in no case has the success of the experiment been endangered by the conduct of the negroes, which can, by no means, be said of the planters, especially at Jamaica."

The impossibility of securing to the new freemen the enjoyment of their rights, while the execution of the laws was necessarily so much under the influence of their former masters—expecting the wolf to guard the sheep—the atrocious, continued, and systematic violations of all the provisions of the law, not only by the cruelty of individuals, but by solemn acts of the colonial Assemblies, roused such indignation in Great Britain, that on August 1st, 1833, the whole system was abolished, and the slaves declared unconditionally and immediately free. Let us take warning by this costly example, and learn of Great Britain that the *shortest* road is always the nearest in morals, as well as in physics.

The circumstances in which justice was rendered to the slaves show the most sublime confidence, on the part of Great Britain, in the safety of doing right. It was in *islands*, four thousand miles from the shores of the mother country—swarming with a colored population ten times out-numbering their white masters. Jamaica, 378,000 colored inhabitants to 37,000 white; Barbadoes, 87,000 colored, to 15,000 whites; Antigua, 33,000 colored, to 2,000 white; and Tortola, with but 200 white people out of a population of 5,000.

It was in such circumstances that 800,000 fetters were struck off amid prophecies of bloodshed and colonial ruin, and even amid the anxious doubts of some of the friends of freedom. The Christian, with his stern confidence in principle, after an acute analysis of the circumstances, would justify the act; but the man of the world, the mere student of history, might almost be excused in doubting the experiment. Within sight of the English shores, and within the memory of those who were not yet old, there had been one example of a people's immediate emancipation from the weight of a government whose existence was known to them only by its oppression. In the first heat of that people's indignation, not only a despotic throne and corrupt priesthood, but government and religion themselves were trampled in the dust. Yet the French Revolution took place under circumstances far more favorable than those which attended the proposed experiment in the West Indies.

The French peasant was hemmed in by the brotherhood of European nations—surrounded by the education and refinement of numerous and influential classes, whom he had been accustomed to follow. For him religion had done something—education had done something—long ages of social order had done much. Burke's boasted bulwarks of modern civilization—chivalry and religion,—the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of a gentleman, might be expected to interpose a barrier against the passions of the mob. In spite of all, the guillotine bathed in blood, was the emblem of their transition state from serfs to citizens.

But the slaves of the West Indies were to be restored to freedom, not at the door of European monarchies, but far across the Atlantic—thousands of miles off from those ponderous social organizations, which might have thrown their weight into the scale in behalf of the white man, ten times outnumbered by the new-made freemen. So feeble and few in their presence that one moment's rushing recollection of a century's oppression would sweep him from the face of those islands forever. For the col-

ored man, too, Christianity had hardly included him within the circle of its sympathy, and the law had almost exiled him from the cold shield of its protection. With all these disadvantages, that experiment has been tried. Its results are written in the annals of the greatest and freest nation of the age. Let us thank God that when a shortsighted worldly prudence or natural fear might have raised their voices against it, there was found one great nation willing to trust God, that duty was safety.

The parent has rebuked the child. In the name of three million slaves among us, let us thank God that that nation was our mother country—the glass of our public opinion—the source of our literature and our religion.

When William IV. was signing the statute of Emancipation, we may imagine that a natural anxiety whispered in his ear the frightful results of such an act, painting Anarchy stalking over those islands, and leaving no trace that civilized man had ever been there—scenes of tenantless mansions and ruined towns—laborers all idle and disorderly—magistrates invoking the strong arm of the mother country to save at least the semblance of civil order amid the wreck. But what say the last travellers? The only tenantless mansions they found, were the jails—the only ruins which met their eyes were the tread-mills—the only idlers they saw, were the magistrates—the only ones whose occupations were wholly gone, were the soldiers. And who make up these regiments, to whom Great Britain entrusts her ocean gems? Colored men, who never have held arms till now.

In judging of the West India Emancipation, it should be recollected that it was an act of religious duty, not an expedient of policy—a great nation trying to do right, not seeking to increase her resources; meant to secure justice to the negro, not to increase the exports of sugar. We are sometimes told that the produce of the islands has decreased. Suppose it true, *which it is not*, no one would have a right to be surprised if they had ate all they produced in such a crisis. What should we say of one who, in 1783, had tried to prove the American Revolution a failure, and a mistake, because the exports dimin-

ished to almost nothing during the seven years of the war? Of Antigua let the following table speak:

<i>Average of</i>	<i>Hhds. Sug.</i>	<i>Pun. Molass.</i>	<i>Pun. Rum.</i>
5 last years of slavery, 12,189		3,308	2,468
5 first years of freedom, 13,545		8,308	1,109
1839,	22,383!	13,433!	582

If in Jamaica there has been a diminution of 1-9th of the export of sugar, it should be recollected that there has been, of course, a much greater consumption at home, and the devotion of mothers and sisters to their families and children, and to education, ought to lessen the produce, at which, who will repine? As Dr. Channing says, "Has man nothing to do but work? Are not many (everywhere) overworked?" Human happiness is not to be guaged by the hogsheads of sugar which an Island exports.

The worst enemies of abolition have not been able to show that a single drop of blood has been shed, or a single plantation fired, in consequence of emancipation in all the British West Indies.

To show the vast improvement which has taken place in the habits and conditions of the West Indian laborers, an extract from an official document which the British Government a short time since addressed to a foreign power, in answer to a statement in which the great experiment of emancipation was alluded to as having proved a failure, is given.

"It will be found that British emancipation took place without the occurrence of a single instance of tumult or disturbance; that the joy of the negroes on the 1st of August, 1838, was orderly, sober, and religious; that since emancipation the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have varied their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and unfrequent; that their morals have been improved; that marriage has become more and more substituted for concubinage; that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion. Such are among the results of emancipation which are plain and indisputable, and these results con-

stitute, in the estimation of her Majesty's Government, and the people of England, the complete success of the British emancipation in so far as relates to the primary and paramount objects of that act."

Of the improvement which had taken place, an extract from Sir C. Metcalfe's despatch of the 10th of March, 1840, speaks as follows:

"The thriving condition of the peasantry is very striking and gratifying. I do not suppose that any peasantry in the world have so many comforts, or so much independence and enjoyment. Their behavior is peaceable, and, in some respects, admirable. They are fond of attending divine service, and are to be seen on the Lord's day, thronging to their respective churches and chapels, dressed in good clothes, and many of them riding on horseback. They send their children to school, and pay for their schooling. They subscribe for the erection of churches and chapels; and in the Baptist communities, they not only provide the whole of the religious establishment, but, by the amount of their contributions, afford to their ministers a very respectable support. Marriage is general among the people; their morals are, I understand, much improved, and their sobriety is remarkable. I am very happy to add, that in most respects, they appear to deserve their good fortune; they are, I understand, generally orderly, sober, free from crime, much improved in their moral habits, constant in the attendance at public worship, solicitous for the education of their children, and willing to pay the requisite expense."

The above show the moral condition of the former slaves, the most pleasing result of the experiment. And their sources, as well as dates, leaves no room for dispute as to the authenticity of the statements, their truth or their important bearing, as being the last news from the Islands.

The industry of the laborers in the West Indies is proved in a variety of ways; a great number have amassed property, and are included in the tax lists as holders of landed property. The number of tax-payers in the parish of Manchester, in the year 1836, was 387; 1837, 393; 1838, 438; in the year (no taxes) 1839 not given in; 1840, 1321; 1841, 1866. The number of freeholders, becoming so by the accumulations of their own in-

dustry, assessed in Jamaica, as given by Sir C. Metcalfe, were, 1838, 2014; 1840, 7848. In little more than two years after Aug. 1st, 1834, 1580 apprentices purchased their time in Jamaica alone, at the cost of \$250,000. Since emancipation the negroes have become holders of landed property to the amount of \$200,000, in Demerara alone.

Lord Stanley has stated in the House of Commons, that, "with regard to the slaves, the experiment had been not only successful in placing them in a situation of greater physical enjoyment, beyond the anticipations of their boldest friends, but they also proved that they had learned to turn to advantage their newly acquired gift of freedom in accumulating property, the product of their industry, and cultivating habits worthy of freemen. (Hear, Hear.) If he wanted another proof of this, he had it ready to his hand in the amount of exports to the West Indies from this country, during the period of apprenticeship subsequent to complete emancipation. The average value of the exports from this country to the West India colonies in the six years preceding emancipation, was £2,783,000. The average during the four years of the apprenticeship, 1835 to 1838, was £3,573,000. The amount during the first year of freedom, 1839, was £4,002,000, and during the second year of freedom the amount was £3,492,734.

Who, let me now ask, will say that one such hour as that which the following description records, is not more than a compensation for all the labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson, the efforts, the self-denial, the devotion of eloquent lips and burning hearts, of rich and poor, of peasant and peer, which have made the Anti-Slavery struggle in Great Britain the noblest page of human history? It attempts to describe one of the meetings on the first of August, 1834, in Antigua.

"The Wesleyans kept 'watch-night' in all their chapels on the night of the 31st of July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with candidates for liberty. All was animation and

eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing, and honor, and glory, to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first note, the immense assembly fell prostrate on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightening flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they brake forth in prayer; they shouted, they sung, "Glory," "alleluia;" they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but high above the whole, there was a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up; it was the utterings in broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

INSTINCTS OF CHILDHOOD.

A DIALOGUE IN TWO PARTS.

Scene I.—A large room in a country house. Mrs Nevers seated engaged in sewing, — Margaret standing by an open window, shaded with grape vines and honeysuckles. A bird cage, containing several birds hangs near. Margaret (after watching the motions of the mother-bird for some time.)

Margaret. "There, now!—there you go again! you

little foolish thing, you! Why, what is the matter with you? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Hav'nt we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Hav'nt you enough to eat, and the best that could be had, for love or money—sponge cake, loaf sugar, and all sorts of seeds? Did'nt father put up a little nest for you with his own hands; and hav'nt I watched over you, you little ungrateful thing?—till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds—little live birds, no bigger than grass-hoppers, and so noisy, ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand. Where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish—or such beautiful bright sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourselves, hey?

The door opens, and Mr. Nevers enters.

Mar. “O father, I'm so glad you've come! What do you think is the matter of poor little birdy?”

[The father looks down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of Margaret growing more and more perplexed, and more sorrowful every moment.]

Mar. Well, father—what is it? Does it see anything?

Mr. N. No, my love—nothing to frighten her; but where is the father bird?

Mar. He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the little birds began to chipper this morning, that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby he frightened him into the other cage, and carried him off.

Mr. N. Was that right, my love?

Mar. Why not, father? He wouldn't be quiet here, you know, and what was I to do?

Mr. N. But, Moggy, dear—these little birds may want their father to help feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to help take care of them—or to sing to her.

Mar. Or perhaps show them how to fly, father?

Mr. N. Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nobody at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?

[*Margaret muses a few moments, and then returns to the original subject.*]

Mar. But, Father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing?—you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her—and tumbling upon their noses—and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and could'nt see straight.

Mr. N. I am afraid she is getting discontented.

Mar. *Discontented!* how can that be, father? Has'nt she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish? And then, you know, she never used to be so before?

Mr. N. When her mate was with her, perhaps.

Mar. Yes, father—and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little wretches began to pee-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and the mother both began to fly about the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? The water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand all bright: they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand, the fountain filled, and the seed-box—and—and—I declare, I cannot think what ails them!

Mr. N. My love—may it not be the very things you speak of, things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all the trouble you see? The father and mother are *separated!* How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? how teach them to provide for themselves?

Mar. But father—dear father—! [*laying her little hand upon the spring of the cage door*] dear father, *would you?*

Mr. N. And why not, my dear child? [*He stoops and kisses her.*] Why not?

Mar. I was only thinking, father. If I should let them out, who will feed them?

Mr. N. Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?

Mar. True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves!

Mrs. N. [*looking up and smiling,*] Worthy of profound consideration, my dear—I admit your plea, but have a care, lest you over-rate the danger and the difficulty in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds.

Mar. Father—[*she throws open the door of the cage*]

Mr. N. Stay, my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections.

Mar. I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones.

Mr. N. In our climate, my love, the winters are very short: and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then you know birds always follow the sun—if our climate is too cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you; as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf sugar and sponge cake—as you—

Mar. That'll do, father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither, Bobby! bring the little cage with you—there's a dear.

*Scene II.—Evening, Mrs. Nevers and Margaret seated—
Enter Mr. N. speaking loud as he comes forward.*

Mr. N.—The ungrateful hussey! What! after all that we have done for her; given her the best room we

could spare—feeding her from our own table—clothing her from our own wardrobe—giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us—allowing them to live together till a child is born; and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now forsooth! we are to find my lady discontented with her situation

Mar.—Dear father!

Mrs. N.—Hush, child!

Mr. N.—Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition! the jade!—with the best of every thing to make her happy; comforts and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining were she free to-morrow—and always contented till now.

Mar.—And what does she complain of, father?

Mr. N.—Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months: he was getting idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packed him off. And then instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her Heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she has just found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wishing the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket, every cent of it!

Mrs. N.—After all we have done for her, too!

Mr. N.—I declare I have no patience with the jade!

Mar.—Father—dear father!

Mr. N.—Be quiet, Moggy, don't tease me now.

Mar.—But father—*[she draws her father to the window and points to the cage which still hangs there with the door wide open. He understands her and blushes—then speaks confusedly.]* Dear father! Do you see that cage?

Mr. N.—There go, be quiet, you are a child now, and must not talk about such matters until you have grown older.

Mar.—Why not, father?

Mr. N.—Why not!—Why bless' your little heart!—Suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn the poor thing adrift with her child at her breast—what would become of her? Who would take care of her?—who feed her?

Mar.—Who feeds the young ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babies we see?

Mr. N.—Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference let me tell you between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child.

Mar.—Yes, father.

Mr. N.—Don't interrupt me: you drive every thing out of my head. What was I going to say?—Oh—ah! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a—a—

Mar.—Yes, father; but *could'nt they follow the sun too? or go farther south?*

Mr. N.—And why not be happy here?

Mar.—But father—dear father? *How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?*

Mrs. N.—Child, you are getting troublesome!

Mar.—And how teach their young *to provide for themselves*, father?

Mr. N.—Put the little imp to bed, directly—do you hear!

Mar.—Good night, father! good night, mother—
AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY!

MONTHLY OFFERING.

JUNE.

The Spirit of Abolitionists.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

One thing I know full well. Calumniated, abhorred, persecuted as the abolitionists have been, they constitute the body guard of the slaveholders, not to strengthen their oppression, but to shield them from the vengeance of their slaves. Instead of seeking their destruction, abolitionists are endeavoring to save them from midnight conflagration and sudden death, by beseeching them to remove the cause of insurrection; and by holding out to their slaves the hope of a peaceful deliverance. We do not desire that any should perish. Having a conscience void of offence in this matter, and cherishing a love for our race which is "without partiality and without hypocrisy," no impeachment of our motives, or assault upon our character, can disturb the serenity of our minds; nor can any threats of violence, or prospect of suffering deter us from our purpose. That we manifest a bad spirit, is not to be decided on the testimony of the southern slave-driver, or his northern apologist. That our philanthropy is exclusive, in favor of but one party, is not proved by our denouncing the oppressor, and sympathizing with his victim. That we are seeking popularity is not apparent from our advocating an odious and unpopular cause, and vindicating, at the loss of our reputation, the rights of a people who are reckoned among the off-scouring of all things. That our motives are not disinterested, they who swim with the popular current, and partake of the gains of unrighteousness, and plunder the laborers of their wages, are not competent to determine. That our language is harsh, uncharitable, unchristian, they who revile us as madmen, fanatics, incendiaries, traitors, cut-throats, &c. &c. cannot be allowed to testify.

That our measures are violent, is not demonstrated by the fact that we wield no physical weapons, pledge ourselves not to countenance insurrection, and present the peaceful front of non-resistance to those who put our very lives in peril. That our object is chimerical, or unrighteous, is not substantiated by the fact of its being commended by Almighty God, and supported by his omnipotence, as well as approved by the wise and good in every age and in all countries. If the charge, so often brought against us, be true, that our temper is rancorous and our spirit turbulent, how has it happened, that, during so long a conflict with slavery, not a single instance can be found in which an abolitionist has committed a breach of the peace, or violated any law of his country? If it be true, that we are not actuated by the best feelings of humanity, nor sustained by the highest principles of rectitude, nor governed by the spirit of forbearance, I ask, once more., how it has come to pass, that when our meetings have been repeatedly broken up by lawless men, our property burnt in the streets, our dwellings sacked, our persons brutally assailed, and our lives put in imminent peril, we have refused to lift a finger in self-defence, or to maintain our rights in the spirit of worldly patriotism?

Will it be retorted, that we dare not resist—that we are cowards? Cowards! No man believes it. They are the dastards who maintain that MIGHT makes RIGHT—whose arguments are brickbats and rotten eggs, whose weapons are dirks and bowie-knives, and whose code of justice is lynch law. A love of liberty, instead of unnerving men, makes them intrepid, heroic, invincible. It was so at Thermopylæ—it was so on Bunker Hill. Who so tranquil, who so little agitated, in storm or sunshine, as the abolitionists? But what consternation, what running to and fro like men at their very wit's end, what trepidation, what anguish of spirit, on the part of their enemies? How southern slave-mongers quake and tremble at the faintest whisperings of an abolitionist!—For, truly, “the thief doth fear each bush an officer”—and

“’Tis conscience that makes cowards of them all!”

O, the great poet of nature is right—

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted !”

A greater than Shakspeare certifies, that “the wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.” In this great contest of Right against Wrong, of Liberty against Slavery, who are the wicked, if they be not those, who, like vultures and vampyres, are gorging themselves with human blood? if they be not the plunderers of the poor, the spoilers of the defenceless, the traffickers in “slaves and the souls of men?” Who are the cowards, if not those who shrink from manly argumentation, the light of truth, the concussion of mind, and a fair field? if not those whose prowess, stimulated by whisky potations, or the spirit of murder, grows rampant as the darkness of night approaches; whose shouts and yells are savage and fiend-like; who furiously exclaim, “Down with free discussion! down with the liberty of the press! down with the right of petition! down with constitutional law!”—who rifle mail-bags, throw types and printing-presses into the river, burn public halls dedicated to “Virtue, Liberty and Independence,” and assassinate the defenders of inalienable human rights? And who are the righteous, in this case, if they be not those who will “have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them?” who maintain that the laborer is worthy of his hire, that the marriage institution is sacred, that slavery is a system accursed of God, that tyrants are the enemies of mankind, and that immediate emancipation should be given to all who are pining in bondage? who are the truly brave, if not those who demand for truth and error alike, free speech, a free press, an open arena, the right of petition, AND NO QUARTERS? if not those, who, instead of skulking from the light, stand forth in the noontide blaze of day, and challenge their opponents to emerge from their wolf-like dens, that, by a rigid examination, it may be seen who has stolen the wedge of gold,—in whose pocket

are the thirty pieces of silver, and whose garments are stained with the blood of innocence? Abolitionists cowards! when was it ever known for cowards to espouse the cause of down-trodden innocence, or to breast the tide of popular violence, or to run any hazard for the good of others? Have the Tappans, the Jays, the Smiths, the Birneys, the Welds in our cause—have the Grimkes, the Chapmans, the Motts—have any abolitionists, men or women, in any place or at any time, manifested a lack of firmness or courage, even in the most terrible emergencies? If they may not be associated with “the glorious company of martyrs,” who have suffered for righteousness’ sake, in all ages,—if they have not exhibited a martyr-like spirit of long-suffering, forbearance, forgiveness, uncompromising integrity, and stern endurance,—then it is because slavery has never existed in this country, and no mobs have risen up, and no lynchings have taken place, and no injury has been done to character, property or life. For is there a religious sect, (excepting the Friends,) and perhaps one or two others, or a political party without an exception, in this country, who, if they had been called to pass through *our* fiery ordeal—if their meetings had been ruthlessly invaded, and their very lives and liberties put in jeopardy by lawless ruffians—would not have stood on the defensive, and given blow for blow, and clashed weapon with weapon?

The charge, then, that we are beside ourselves, that we are both violent and cowardly, is demonstrated to be false, in a signal manner. I thank God, that “the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual.” I thank him, that, by his grace, and by our deep concern for the oppressed, we have been enabled, in Christian magnanimity, to pity and pray for our enemies, and to overcome their evil with good. *Overcome*, I say: not merely suffered unresistingly, but conquered gloriously.

“Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths!”

God grant that we may go on to the end, as we have begun! If it must be so, let the defenders of slavery still

have all the brickbats, bowie-knives and pistols, which the land can furnish; but let us still possess *all the arguments, facts, warnings and promises*, which insure the final triumph of our holy cause. Let us take unto ourselves the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, **TO STAND**—having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and *our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace*; above all, taking **THE SHIELD OF FAITH**, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and taking the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is **THE WORD OF GOD**.

Picture of Slavery.

BY R. R. MADDEN.

Tell me, Senor! I somewhat calmly said,
Where shall I find the aged negro's shed,
And see the poor old slaves of the estate,
The weak, decrepid, worn-out slaves, whose fate
It is, to feel a master's care at length,
For whom they toiled thro' life, and spent their strength;
How does it happen, none are to be seen
Unfit for labor, who from age, have been
Exempt from toil and hardship, at the close
Of life, and now entitled to repose?
How does it happen, that the stranger sees
No ransomed nursling on the mother's knees,
No tender children, on the Sabbath-day
Trained to be good, poor things, or taught to pray,
No place of refuge for declining age,
In nature's course, to quit this mortal stage!

* * * * *

I'd always thought that "mayorals"* were folks
Who never laughed or deigned to deal in jokes,
But this man laughed, as if he'd reason, then
Till his great sides with laughter shook again.
At length, somewhat composed, he coolly said,
Who could have put such nonsense in your head?

* Slavedrivers.

Who ever heard of negroes getting old,
Or planters suffering female slaves to fold
Their arms, and sit like Creole ladies still,
Or taking feeble women from the mill?
You've not been long in Cuba, I suppose,
From what you say of Sabbaths and repose,
And paid not much attention, I opine,
To many matters in the planting line?
You have to learn what slaves are worth the score,
What blacks are for, and whose they are, moreo'er!
We purchase slaves to cultivate our plains,
We don't want saints or scholars to cut canes;
We buy a negro for his flesh and bone,
He must have muscle, brains, he need have none.
But where, you ask me, are the poor old slaves?
Where should they be, of course, but in their graves!
We do not send them there before their time,
But let them die, when they are past their prime.
Men who are worked by night as well as day,
Some how or other, live not to be gray—
Sink from exhaustion—sicken—droop and die,
And leave the Count another batch to buy;
There's stock abundant in the slave bazars,
Thanks to the banner of the stripes and stars!
You cannot think, how soon the want of sleep
Breaks down their strength, 'tis well they are so cheap,
Four hours for rest—in time of crop—for five
Or six long months, and few indeed will thrive.
With twenty hours of unremitting toil,
Twelve in the field, and eight in doors, to boil
Or grind the cane—believe me few grow old,
But life is cheap, and sugar, sir,—is gold.
You think our interest is to use our blacks
As careful owners use their costly hacks;
Our interest is to make the most we can
Of every negro in the shortest span.
As for the women, they embroil estates,
There's never peace with them within your gates,
They're always shamming, skulking from the field,
And most abusive when their backs are wealed.

Sure to be sick when strangers pass this way,
They take advantage of us every way;
For well they know, the Conde cannot bear
The thoughts of flogging while his friends are here.
As for the talk of marriage, you must jest,
What? marry wretched negroes by a priest!
Why, sir, there's not a priest within some ten
Or twelve good leagues of the estate—and, then,
Were one to come, the Count would have to pay;
I marry all the best and cheapest way.
We have not many marriages, 'tis true,
The men are many and the females few.

The Equality of the Colored race.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Sir, we are sometimes told that all these efforts will be unavailing—that the African is a degraded member of the human family—that a man with a dark skin and curled hair, is necessarily, as such, incapable of improvement and civilization, and condemned by the vice of his physical conformation, to vegetate for ever in a state of hopeless barbarism. Mr. President, I reject, with contempt and indignation, this miserable heresy. In replying to it, the friends of truth and humanity have not hitherto done justice to the argument. In order to prove that the blacks were capable of intellectual efforts, they have painfully collected a few imperfect specimens of what some of them have done in this way, even in the degraded condition which they occupy at present in Christendom. Sir, this is not the way to treat the subject. Go back to an earlier period in the history of our race. See what the blacks were and what they did three thousand years ago, in the period of their greatness and glory, when they occupied the fore front in the march of civilization—when they constituted in fact the whole civilized world of their time. Trace this very civilization, of which we are so proud, to its origin, and see where you will find it. We received it from our European ances-

tors : they had it from the Greeks and Romans, and the Jews. But, Sir, where did the Greeks and the Romans and the Jews get it? They derived it from Ethiopia and Egypt,—in one word, from Africa. Moses, we are told, was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. The founders of the principal Grecian cities, such as Athens, Thebes, and Delphi, came from Egypt, and for centuries afterwards, their descendants returned to that country, as the source and centre of civilization. There it was that the generous and stirring spirits of the time—Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, and the rest, made their noble voyages of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Sir, the Egyptians were the masters of the Greeks and the Jews, and consequently of all the modern nations in civilization, and they had carried it very nearly as far—in some respects, perhaps, a good deal farther than any subsequent people. The ruins of the Egyptian temples laugh to scorn the architectural monuments of any other part of the world. They will be what they are now, the delight and admiration of travellers from all quarters, when the grass is growing on the sites of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, the present pride of Rome and London.

Well, Sir, who were the Egyptians? They were Africans :—and of what race?—It is sometimes pretended, that though Africans, and of Ethiopian extraction, they were not black. But what says the father of history, who had travelled among them, and knew their appearance, as well as we know that of our neighbors in Canada? Sir, Herodotus tells you that the Egyptians were blacks, with curled hair. Some writers have undertaken to dispute his authority, but I cannot bring myself to believe that the father of history did not know black from white. It seems, therefore, that for this very civilization of which we are so proud, and which is the only ground of our present claim of superiority, we are indebted to the ancestors of these very blacks, whom we are pleased to consider as naturally incapable of civilization.

Hard Language.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

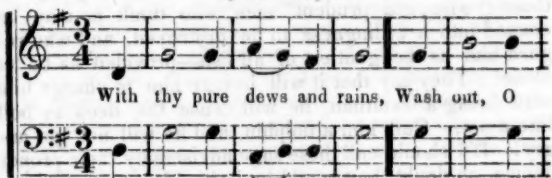
We are accused of using hard language. I admit the charge. I, for one, say in extenuation, that I have not been able to find a *soft* word in the English tongue to describe villanny, or *identify* the perpetrator of it. The man who makes a chattel of his brother—what is he? The man who keeps back the hire of his laborers by fraud—what is he? They who prohibit the circulation of the Bible—what are they? They who compel two millions of men and women to herd together, in promiscuous intercourse, like brute beasts—what are they? They who sell mothers by the pound, and children in lots to suit purchasers—what are they? I care not what terms are applied to them, provided they *do* apply. If they are not thieves, if they are not adulterers, if they are not tyrants, if they are not men-stealers, I should like to know what is their true character, and by what names they may be called. It is as mild an epithet to say that a thief is a thief, as it is to say that a spade is a spade. Words are but the signs of ideas. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Language may be misapplied, and so be absurd or unjust—as, for example, to say that an abolitionist is a fanatic, or that a slaveholder is an honest man. But to call things by their right names is to use neither hard nor improper language. Epithets may be rightly applied, it is true, and yet be uttered in a bad spirit, or with a malicious design. What then? Shall we discard all terms which are descriptive of crime, because they are not always used with fairness and propriety? He who, when he sees oppression, cries out against it—who, when he beholds his equal brother trodden under foot by the iron hoof of despotism, rushes to his rescue—who, when he sees the weak overborne by the strong, takes sides with the former, at the imminent peril of his own safety—such a man needs no certificate to the excellence of his temper, or the sincerity of his heart, or the disinterestedness of his conduct. It is the apologist of slavery—he who can see the victim of thieves lying bleeding and helpless on the cold earth, and yet

turn aside like the callous-hearted priest and Levite—who needs absolution.

The anti-slavery cause is beset by many dangers. But there is one which we have special reason to apprehend. It is, that this hollow cant and senseless clamor about "hard language," will insensibly check that free utterance of thought, and close application of the truth, which have characterized abolitionists from the beginning. As that cause is becoming popular, and many may be induced to espouse it from motives of policy, rather than from any reverence for principle, let us beware how we soften our just severity of speech, or emasculate a single epithet. The whole scope of the English language is inadequate to describe the horrors and impieties of slavery, and the transcendant wickedness of those who sustain this bloody system. Instead of repudiating any of its strong terms, therefore, we rather need a new and stronger dialect. Hard language! Let us mark those who complain of its use. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will be found to be the most unscrupulous in their allegations, the most bitter in their spirit, the most vituperative in their manner of expression, when alluding to abolitionists. The cry of "hard language" has become stale in my ears. *The faithful utterance of that language has, by the blessing of God, made the anti-slavery cause what it is—ample in resources, strong in numbers, victorious in conflict.* Like the hand-writing upon the wall of the palace, it has caused the knees of the American Belshazzar to smite together in terror, and filled with dismay all who follow in his train. Soft phrases and honied accents were tried in vain for many a year:—they had no adaptation to the subject. "Canst thou draw out the leviathan, SLAVERY, with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Shall not one be cast down at the sight of him? Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece

of the nether mill-stone: When he raiseth up himself, even the mighty are afraid. He esteemeth iron as straw and brass as rotten wood." O the surpassing folly of those "wise and prudent" men, who think he may be coaxed into a willingness to be destroyed, and who regard him as the gentlest of all fish—provided he be let alone! They say that it will irritate him to charge him with being a leviathan, he will cause the deep to boil like a pot. Call him a dolphin, and he will not get angry! If I should call these sage advisers by their proper names, no doubt they would be irritated too.

Strong denunciatory language is consistent with gentleness of spirit, long-suffering, and perfect charity. It was the God whose name is LOVE, who could speak even to his chosen people in the following terms, by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel:—"An end, the end has come upon the four corners of the land. I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thy abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity." "A third part of thee shall die with the pestilence, and with famine shall they be consumed in the midst of thee: and a third part shall fall by the sword round about thee, and I will scatter a third part into all the winds, and I will draw out a sword after them." It was the Lamb of God who could exclaim,—“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widow's houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” It was the martyr Stephen, who, though in his dying agonies, supplicated forgiveness for his enemies, and a few moments before his cruel death could address his countrymen in the following strain:—"Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and ye have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

Prayer for the Oppressed. 6s & 4s.*By John Pierpont.*

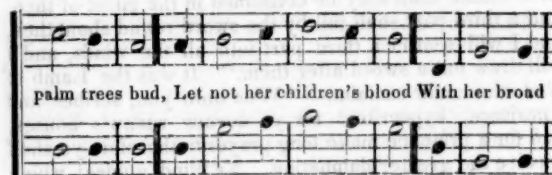
With thy pure dew and rains, Wash out, O

The first system of the musical score is in treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'With thy pure dew and rains, Wash out, O' are written below the first staff.



God, the stains From Afric's shore; And while her

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'God, the stains From Afric's shore; And while her' are written below the first staff.



palm trees bud, Let not her children's blood With her broad

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'palm trees bud, Let not her children's blood With her broad' are written below the first staff.



Niger's flood Be mingled more! Be mingled more!

The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics 'Niger's flood Be mingled more! Be mingled more!' are written below the first staff.

With thy pure dews and rains, &c.

With thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
From Afric's shore;
And, while her palm trees bud,
Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
Be mingled more!

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold!

Shall not thy thunders speak
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought!
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—

Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image; cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

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WORDS, by Miss S. H. S. TUNE, Scots wha hae.

1 Children of the glorious dead, Who for freedom fought and bled!

The first system of the musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The first line of music ends with a double bar line.

With her ban-ner o'er you spread, On to vic-to - ry;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody on the top staff and the bass line on the bottom staff. It ends with a double bar line.

Not for stern ambition's prize, Let your hopes or wishes rise;

The third system of the musical score continues the melody on the top staff and the bass line on the bottom staff. It ends with a double bar line.

Lo! your Leader from the skies, Bids you do, or die.

The fourth and final system of the musical score continues the melody on the top staff and the bass line on the bottom staff. It ends with a double bar line.

7s. & 5s.

Pressing on to victory.

- 1 Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled!
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory;
Not for stern ambition's prize,
Let your hopes or wishes rise;
Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
Bids you do, or die.
- 2 This is proud oppression's hour,
Storms assail you;—will you cow'r,
While beneath a despot's pow'r,
Groans the suff'ring slave?
While on ev'ry southern gale
Comes the helpless captive's tale—
Comes the voice of woman's wail,
And of man's despair?
- 3 Never!—by your country's shame,
Never!—by a Savior's claim
To the men of ev'ry name,
Whom he died to save;
ONWARD, then, ye fearless band!
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand,
Or the martyr's grave.

God Speed the Right. 8s & 4s.**Forte and with Spirit.**

1 Now to heav'n our pray'rs ascending, God speed the right,
2 Be that pray'r again repeated, God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering, God speed the right!

4 Still their onward course pursuing, God speed the right!

In a no - ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated, God speed the right!

Ne'er th'e vent nor danger fearing, God speed the right!

Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right!

Be their zeal in heav'n recorded, With success on earth rewarded,
Like the good and great in story, If they fail, they fail in glory;

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in Heav'n's own time succeeding,
Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it, There's no power on earth can stay it,

God speed the right, God speed the right.
God speed the right, God speed the right.

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